

GRAVES IN CHINA.

The Tombs of the Mandarins Take up half a Mile of Earth.

Mr. Julidn Ralph, who has been traveling in China, contributes to Harper's Magazine an account of the astonishing number of graves to be seen in that country, and of the peculiar places selected for them. He says:

The face of all nature is pimpled with graves. No farm is so small that it cannot afford at least one; no hill is so high—I speak of the garden provinces of China—that it is not dotted with them on the top. No city lacks them within and without its walls. Only the compactest parts of the compact cities are without them.

They vary in shape and form, as everything varies in China. The saying is that "in ten miles everything is different, and it certainly is so with the graves. Near Shanghai this eruption on the face of nature took the form of shapeless mounds of earth, perhaps six feet long by three feet wide, and three or four feet high. There the coffins had been put on the ground and covered over with dirt.

Farther along, toward Soochow and the Grand Canal, the graves were brick affairs, round-topped, and square at the ends. In the other direction, at and near Chapu, on the coast, they were often vaults of earth faced with stone and surrounded by a horseshoe or broken circle of earth-work.

Some of them had three doorways, and looked like triple cake ovens; but down Chapu way many of the graves were perfect little houses of brick, with tile roofs, and even with roofs whose corners were bent in grand style.

There are graveyards in China—family or village graveyards—that look like mere disturbances of the earth, where acres have been turned up into mounds or covered with brick ovens, and there are graveyards that are solemnly planted with rows of trees; but as a rule, the farmers bury their dead in their rice or cotton fields, and the poor buy or lease a resting-place for their departed upon the acres of some wealthier man.

I don't know whether it be true or not, but I was told that the graves are kept, or left alone, until a change of dynasty occurs, when they are razed, and China begins over again to preempt a great fraction of her surface for her dead. If so, it is time for a change of dynasty, because a vast portion of the soil is lost to the farmers, who otherwise cultivate every foot of it; and the graves are in all stages of rack and ruin and disorder.

At one time you see scores of tombs whose ends have been worn down by the elements, or have fallen out so as to show the coffin ends or an outbreak of skulls and bones. There is nothing that is possible that you do not see, even to disclosures of great open jars full of bones, where the original graves and coffins have worn away. You see bare coffins set out in the rice fields because the mourners were too poor to brick them over, and you see tens of thousands of coffins merely covered over with thatched straw.

You see the grand tombs of mandarins taking up half a mile of the earth. First there are the granite steps leading to a splendid triple arch all beautifully carved. Then follows the stately approach to the tomb—a wide avenue bordered by trees, and set with lions and warriors, horses and sages, all hewn out of stone.

Finally the tomb itself, on a hillside if possible, stares down the avenue at all these costly ornaments; but it must be that most of these monuments are to men long dead—perhaps to men of distant ages. Therefore most of them are falling to pieces. Some are merely beginning to crumble, some are waste places with broken suggestions of what they were, and some have been invaded by farmers and by the populace, with the result that you see portions of the once grand arch set in a near-by bridge or used as steps to a waterside tea-house.

Significance of Earache.

Earache is such a common symptom, especially in children, that domestic remedies are often used until the disease demands the advice of a specialist. By that time, often great harm has been done, and perhaps serious consequences have resulted. Dr. F. W. Hickel calls attention to the grave significance of earache, and the importance of early treatment. Earache in children may be the first indication of an approaching meningitis. An earache should not be passed over with a superficial examination, but the child should be given hot foot baths and put to bed. The bowels should be freely acted on. Hot, dry applications are better than moist ones. It is better not to instill solutions of laudanum, morphia, or cocaine into the ear. Opiates, too, often mask the pain and conceal the real trouble. Delays are dangerous, and in case of approaching rupture, the tympanum should be freely incised. No physician should ever hesitate to call in an aurist when in doubt.—New York Ledger.

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MISSED HER OPPORTUNITY.

She was Sorry Afterwards She Didn't Accept his Proposal.

For nearly an hour Horatio Dexter had been upon his knees in front of Flavia Johnson, pouring out his love. His was no ordinary passion. He had worshipped the girl from the moment that his eyes had first looked into hers.

'Flavia,' he implored, 'have mercy! Can't you see that if you will not become my wife there will be no hope for me?'

'No, don't say that,' she returned in low sweet accents, 'you will get over it. Three years ago Titus Henderson told me the same thing. Now he is married to another, and the father of twins. I know that he is happy. You will forget me as he has forgotten me. You will meet someone else and love her and be happy with your family.'

'Ah,' he bitterly replied, 'others may be happy with their twins. I do not care for them. You—you, Flavia, are what I want. You are the pole star of my existence. Say that you can learn to love me. Say that I may at least hope. Do not compel me to go away and destroy myself! Save me, Flavia save me.'

'Poor boy,' she said, stroking his curls, 'I am sorry for you. I wish I were not so lovely. It is terrible, this thing of driving people mad for love of me. I will give a little lock of my hair, which you can wear next to your heart. Perhaps that will help you to get over it.'

'No! No!' he sobbed, 'I don't think a lock of hair on my heart would do a bit of good. Keep your hair. You may need it some day. Now I'm going to give you just one more chance. Will you or will you not be mine?'

She bent and pressed her rich, ripe lips against his forehead, and then replied:

'Alas! I cannot; I am promised to another, who makes more money in a day than you can earn in a week. It nearly breaks my heart to tell you this, but you have forced me to do so. Were things arranged differently, I could be happy with you for love is knocking at the door of my heart.'

Horatio Dexter got up and looked to see if his trousers were badly bagged at the knees or not, and then in cold harsh tones said:

'Well, inasmuch as it seems to be a money transaction with you, I suppose I ought to pay you something for the time you have wasted in hearing my story. How much do I owe you?'

Drawing herself up like an angry princess, she said:

'You insult me sir. Go before I call my father, who stands 6 feet 2 inches in his socks and weighs 197 pounds.'

So he departed, saying:

'The day will come when you will be sorry that you permitted the desire for money to kill your love.'

That was five years ago. Today she is a grass widow, living upon a miserable alimony of \$14 per week, while he has a political job with a salary and fees of \$12,000 a year, and clerks hired at the expense of the public to do the work.

Often does the now miserable woman say to herself:

'What a fool I was. I might have known from the businesslike proposition that he made that night that he couldn't lose.'—Cleveland Leader.

HER "TOPPING HAT."

When a Veil Was Regarded as an Invention of the Evil One.

The Puritan sumptuary laws read severely enough in their denunciations of "superstitious ribbons" short sleeves and "topping" hats—a word still current in remote Engard districts, where it suggests a desire to dress in stile above one's station; but the inner history of some of the proceedings of court and church in the attempted suppression of the evil leads the student to infer that the Puritan bark was sometimes worse than the Puritan bite and even grave judges and elders were not always proof against the graces of a Puritan maid.

A commotion that seemed likely to rend the infant church asunder was caused by one bedizened Puritan, who calmly defied all the edicts against gay attire, stood her ground when called "squirrel brained" by the incensed minister, and continued to wear a veil—kept in place by a little silver bead held in either corner of the mouth,—though forbidden to do so by act of court. Although the awful charge was formulated that admiring lads had called her "a bouncing girl," it is difficult to find her blame-worthy for this. She seems to have tripped up the aisle of the meeting house on the following Sunday, in no wise discomposed by the indignant gaze of the minister. Possibly she was upborne by the consciousness that she had the sympathy or the jealousy of every woman present.

Other pretty rebels sheltered themselves behind a clause that allowed such as were already possessed of proscribed articles to wear them out. Never before even in those thrifty days, had women been so careful in repairing!

Nicholas Perry, in his diary, written in 1643, betrays an amiable weakness:

"There came into the town about a month,



BABY WAS CURED.

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AIDS DIGESTION. Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes. 133

ago, brought by the good ship Seabridge, a young maiden from London, Mistress Alice Merriken. She is a fair maid to look upon, but the garb that she hath that she hath brought with her from London is of a gay and worldly fashion, and as the maid taketh her daily walks abroad, the elders do regard her with scant favor, but she is so late come into the town that they are loth to reprove her."

A still prettier story is told of Christine Seaton, who was admonished by the magistrates for her gay attire in meeting. The following Sunday she again appeared in the proscribed garb, swinging her dainty little hat—possibly another of the 'topping' kind—by the ribbons.

She was again summoned before the tribunal and sentenced to appear on the following Shnday in a dust colored garb, sprinkled with ashes, and wearing 'on her breast the big black letters, "C. M.," for to her original offence was now added that of being a "contemner of magistrates."

The fatal day came, and poor Christine, overwhelmed with her prospective shame, was surrounded by a group of commiserating friends, who declared their intention of accompanying her up the aisle like a bevy of bridesmaids. A little Indian girl, whom Christine had befriended, begged to be allowed to try on the penitential garb to let the company see how it looked, and once thus arrayed, she refused to disrobe herself. The governor and Mr. Eliot, the Indian apostle, now appeared, and in response to Mr. Eliot's remonstrance, his convert stoutly maintained that she was acting in accordance with his own teaching of vicarious atonement.

Touched by the girl's affection, the governor decided that the matter should go no further. So, instead of appearing before the expectant throng in disgrace, Christine entered the meeting-house in honor in the company of the governor; but perhaps his grave but kindly words upon the threshold were as effectual as the punishment would have been:

'God give thee strength, my wayward daughter, to avoid offence against proper decorum in the place where His honor dwelleth!'

THE OLD SYSTEM GONE.

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The dying of cotton rags for the making of carpets, mats and rugs was for a long time a tedious, difficult and unsatisfactory operation owing to the crude and old fashioned dyestuffs that home dyers were obliged to use.

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The makers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes prepare special cotton colors such as Fast Pink, Fast Orange, Fast Purple, Fast Garnet, Fast Navy Blue, Fast Crimson, Fast Seal Brown, Fast Yellow, Fast Scarlet, Fast Cardinal, Fast Black and other colors that are unfading in washing, and fast in rain or sun. No other dyes in the world can give such wonderful results on cotton goods, and no other but the Diamond Dyes are fully guaranteed.

One Man's Courage.

All Paris was stirred one day in August, 1869, by a deed of courage, which recalled the old legend of Horatius and his two comrades holding Lars Porsena's army at bay, until the bridge across the Tiber had been cut down.

At a performance in the Hippodrome, Lucas, the lion-tamer, entered the cage where were two lions and two lionesses. Scarcely had he closed the door, when one of the lions sprang upon him, and seized him by the back of the neck. The sight of blood maddened the other beasts, and they, too, fell on their trainer.

Women screamed and fainted, men grew pale or shouted out impossible orders. The employees of the Hippodrome lost their heads, all save Lucas's attendant, Jose Mendez, a Spaniard. Arming himself with an iron weapon, he entered the cage, smote the lions hip and thigh, and nearly killed them all. Then he dragged out his mangled master, who was immediately bandaged by a doctor.

Its Antiquity.

A large earthenware vase in a downtown window in one of the large cities is surmounted by a conspicuous sign bearing this inscription:

Made of Egyptian Clay. Three Thousand Years Old.

One day an expert, who happened to be passing the window, stopped and looked at the vase.

'Yes,' he said, after a brief inspection, 'it is considerably older than three thousand years I refer, of course, to the clay. The vase probably was made in 1893.'

Resembled Both.

Mr. Cross—"That baby over across the way seems to inherit its voice from both its parents."

Mrs. Cross—"How so?"

Mr. Cross—"It makes a great noise like its father and keeps it up like its mother."

Alaska Matrimony.

'They say wives are needed badly in the Klondyke region.'

'To help save the gold?'

'No; to help spend it.'—Detroit Free Press.